

The Rest Is Silence

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TITLE: The Rest Is SilenceAUTHOR: Em Hashimoto(dragonemi@aol.com)RATING: PG-13. Whoopee.CATEGORY: SAKEYWORDS: Niente (I think). SPOILERS: Never Again, '3'SUMMARY: For the curious: what happened when Scully was in the hospital in "Never Again."DISTRIBUTION: Anywhere. Just tell me where and keep my name on it, por favor.FEEDBACK: Repeat after me: Feedback is good! Feedback is good! Feedback is good! Well, you get the drift.DISCLAIMER: Dana Scully, Ed Jerse, Kristin Kilar and Fox Mulder aren't mine. They belong to Mr. Carter, yadda, yadda, yadda. No fringey stuff was meant, yadda, yadda, yadda.BTW, the title comes from the back of my Tara MacLean CD booklet, which comes from William Shakespeare.

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*****"Love is the voice under all silences."-e.e. cummings*****

"Dana Scully, please."

"I'm sorry, sir, it's past visiting hours," the bored nurse replied, not bothering to look at the man before her.

"I'm with the FBI, I'm Agent Mulder. I need to see one of your patients, right now. This is imperative to my--"

"Agent Mulder, I'm sorry. It's past visiting hours," the nurse repeated, turning back to her article, "Your Work Partner: Your Life/Romantic Partner?"

Authority didn't work with this nurse, so he decided on pleading. "I

need to see her. Please. This is important. We were in a fight, and she was angry with me, and if I don't get in there right now she'll never forgive me."

She stared up at this man, this federal agent, giving her this pout that if she wasn't married, she'd--

She sighed. "Agent Mulder, go on in. But if they ask who let you in, tell them you snuck in..."

He flashed her a brief victory smile, and headed down the hallway, only to come directly back again. "Um, I need her room number."

The nurse's eyes flashed down the page in front of her. "Dana Scully..... Dana Scully..... Dana Scu-- here. Room 208."

"Thank you very much," he replied, jogging down the hall, looking for 208. Finding it, he paused with anxiety outside her door. All of a sudden, he wasn't sure this was such a good idea. Somehow, he felt so awkwardly out of place. This -- thing between them wasn't helping, either. He sort of felt scared of her....

"Mulder, you might as well come in. The door is open, and I can see you," a voice, thick from sleep, came quietly from inside. He entered the room, a small light coming from the table next to her bed. "I was worried about you, Scully," he told her while sitting next to her.

She stared at him. "That's nice," she replied, while staring away from him, into space. "You know, the reason I didn't call you is because I don't need you, Mulder. You may think I'm helpless, but I'm not. I can take care of myself--"

"Would that be why you're in the hospital with a stupid-ass tattoo on your back?" he interrupted, his voice bitter and raw with emotion.

"I'm not here because of my 'stupid-ass' tattoo. I'm here because of the toxins in the ink used," she explained rationally.

Mulder sat back in his chair, simply flabbergasted by his partner. What had happened to her? She once would have been comforted by his presence. Now, he feared, she couldn't have him farther away.

"So why are you here, Mulder?" Scully asked, interrupting his thoughts.

"I told you. I was worried," he replied testily. He looked away, too angry to say what he was feeling.

When he had gotten a call that his partner was in the hospital, he'd quickly booked a flight to Philadelphia, forgetting any other previous duties. He held himself responsible for whatever had happened. But that was before he'd heard what had really occurred. That she'd apparently been with some homicidal guy.

His first thoughts had been jealousy. Rage quickly followed, with the inevitable, guilt. Guilt and Mulder when waaaay back. Starting about twenty-five years ago, on a night on Martha's Vineyard--

"If you're going to just sit there and self-analyze, I'd prefer you did it somewhere else. I need to rest, Mulder," Scully reminded him, turning away from him and lying on her stomach. Suddenly, he felt such a passion for his partner. He loved her, he knew that, but God knows, if he admitted that he'd be making a huge mistake. Right now, their platonic love was enough. Or at least, it seemed.

Mulder rubbed her back affectionately, causing her to flinch. He realized his touch right now just felt unbearable to her. He stood then, hurt beyond reason, and not willing to show his range of emotions for this woman.

"I'll call you later. I just had to make sure you were okay...." Mulder's voice trailed off, just content in watching the way she breathed, exhausted. He smoothed hair away from her face and exited her room.

After he left, she sat up. She was content he'd gotten rid of him, but in a way, his absence was felt a little too much for her liking. I don't need him, damnit!, she proclaimed in her mind.

But in the awful way that things sometimes happen, she needed him. Desperately. What she had done with Ed had made her feel strangely guilty, unnecessarily guilty.

Not that anything really transpired. Nothing that should make her feel guilty, but it still made her feel accountable. She could still feel his hands on her body.... the way it made her feel....

It made her feel like she wanted it to be Mulder's hands touching her. Feeling, exploring.... wanting. For years, that had been the way it had been. Scully had feared for those years that if ever a man touched her, she would just shut her eyes and pretend it was Mulder.

But she'd grown angry and distanced. And she welcomed the touch of a man who wasn't Mulder; that was the point. Why hadn't it been his hands? Then everything would be difficult, but at least in a pleasurable way. Now it was sheer torture.

The sun shone brightly, bringing a feeling of jubilation to all who walked under it.

But not to her. And not to him. Suddenly Scully wondered if her suspicions of disease were true. What would she do if she had cancer? Who would take care of Mulder after she.....

Scully slowly pulled her jacket on, sporadically looking through the glass in the door for Mulder. She just knew he'd be back. He was never one to stay away from her.

She smiled at that thought. But then, as usual, her smile disappeared and a pout took its place.

Turning her back to the door, she carefully bent to lace up her boots, the blood rushing to her head.

"Looking better, Scully." The voice came from behind and sounded familiar. A voice that had the vaguest tone of being pissed. Slowly, Scully stood up straight and turned to glare at him. He looked back at her with expectancy, his face a mask for what he was truly feeling.

"What, Mulder?" she asked, exasperated.

"I read the full police report. And the Philadelphia field office report." While expelling this useful information for her, he took a seat on her bed.

"Well, good. Maybe you can finally believe that this isn't an X-File. It's just a case that could be handled by anyone, primarily anyone that isn't us," she replied, while grabbing a few items to stuff into her bag.

"You spent the night with Ed Jerse, Scully."

Instead of his voice being angry and agitated, his tone was soft and genuinely hurt. "I thought I knew you better than that," Mulder continued.

"You obviously don't know me very well. You proved that when you assigned me to this case," Scully said, hoping her words would wound him.

"Scully, this has nothing to do with me assigning you this case. I want to know why you'd sleep with a complete stranger."

"This has everything to do with you assigning me this case! If you hadn't, I wouldn't be here," she countered.

"We're both here, Scully. And answer my question, damnit! Why did you sleep with him?" he asked pathetically. "And why did you have to do that to me?"

"To you?" she spit out. "Mulder, this has nothing to do with you," she replied, her words cool and distanced. "And to answer your never ending question, I didn't sleep with him. Unlike you, I don't sleep with people I've only known a--"

Mulder was about to shout some obscenities her way, but fell silent. "What are you talking about?"

She narrowed her eyes. "Did you not want me to find out about it? Was it just a game to keep me in the dark?" she asked bitterly.

His eyes gazed into hers pleadingly. "What--"

"Kristin Kilar," she responded, her voice compassionless and her face even more so. "That vampire. Or else you called her something else, I don't know." Scully stopped speaking, closing her eyes, hoping she'd say something she'd regret. She continued, "I'm not even sure where I was then. But of course, that didn't concern you. You were too busy fucking her brains out--"

"When you were gone, I searched and all I wanted was to find you. That was all I thought about," he replied miserably, yet firmly.

Mulder looked into her eyes, but they shifted away when they saw her anger.

She glared into his eyes, her hatred for him growing on the horizon. "Were you thinking of me when you were having sex with her?"

Mulder ducked his eyes from her line of vision. "I don't want to discuss this any more," he answered weakly.

"But it's okay to discuss my love life?" she asked passionately. "Why is it you have such a double standard.... always? My life can be carefully dissected, yet yours is to be kept a goddamn secret. My sister is dead, and yet we search for yours everyday! Why is that?"

"I'm not saying that I don't want to find Samantha. But why wasn't I given any time to grieve for my sister?"

She paused, staring into his eyes which long since had been diverted to the blanket covering her bed.

"Mulder? Say something."

Silence.

"Fine, if that's the way you feel....." she picked up her bag and left the room.

And silence reigned. End.

End
file.